SPEAK NAE ILL.

Other people have their faults,
And so have you as well;
But all ye chance to see or hear
Ye have nae right to tell.

If ye canna speak o' good,
Take care, and see and feel
Earth has all too much o' woe,
And not enough o' weal.

Be careful that ye make nae strife,
Wi' meddling tongue and brain;
For ye will find enough to do
If ye but look at hame.

If ye canna speak o' good,
Oh! dinna speak at all;
For there is grief and woe enough
On this terrestrial ball.

If ye should feel like picking flaws,
Ye better go, I ween,
And read the Book that tells ye all
About the mote and beam.

Dinna lend a ready ear
To gossip or to strife,
Or perhaps 'twill make for ye
Nae sunny things of life.

Oh dinna add to others' woe,
Nor mock it with your mirth;
But give ye kindly sympathy
To suffering ones of earth.

BOB.

He wasn't handsome—at least, that was the opinion of the majority.

Perhaps though it was jealousy that caused this to be said, for everyone knows that the very way to get picked to pieces is to possess more than an average share of good looks.

I suppose his features couldn't have been called regular. He had a short nose, rather—well, let us say *retrousse*—which is a more charitable way of putting it than the plain English "turn up." His eyes weren't particulary large, but they were bright and keen, which made up somewhat. As for his mouth, perhaps it is best to own at once that it wasn't quite as pretty as it might have been. But in spite of all these drawbacks he certainly had a distinguished air about him, which wasn't to be wondered at, for his pedigree was both a long and a brilliant one.

Bob lived with a young lady named Nelly, on whom he showered all the love of his staunch true nature, and who returned his passion with affection scarcely less than his own.

The life these two spent together was that of peace and harmony, until one unlucky day a circus happened to pass through the town, and the latter deemed it her duty to be present at one of its performances.

It was a black day for Bob; he often thought ruefully as he looked back on it, for from that time Nelly took strange and, in Bob's opinion, objectional crazes into her head. She insisted upon his going through a daily series of gymnastic exercises, and purchased a box of ivory letters, from which he was expected to select particular ones and deposit them in order on the carpet. He didn't consider it at all an interesting game, and even used to become a trifle sullen when evening after evening the same hateful box made its appearance.

But Bob was too fond of his mistress to openly rebel, but it was easy to see he didn't at all appreciate the new amusement. "After all, if Nelly also was pleased it didn't much matter," he always said to himself, after the ridiculous game was at an end.

The mornings were far pleasanter, and there was quite excitement as to whether or no the postman would pay them a visit. Bob used to station himself at the window and anxiously watch for the welcome figure of the "man of letters."

If he didn't come, Bob was disappointed because he knew Nelly would be disappointed, for she loved getting letters, especially letters written on thin transparent paper. Bob well knew this, and greatly rejoiced when any of these arrived.

One morning he was in his usual place at the window, with his bright keen eyes fixed eagerly on the carriage drive. Presently his patience was rewarded by the sight of the postman, with a bulky bag on his back, and a little pile of missives in his hand.

Bob rushed off to tell Nelly the welcome news, and a moment after the servant appeared with a couple of letters for her mistress, and oh, joy! one was written on thin, foreign paper.

Nelly's cheeks were rosy as she took the letter, and directly the parlor-maid left the room, she hastened to open one of them, perhaps you may be able to guess which!

Bob watched her eagerly, quite content to see her happy. He never thought of wishing for letters for himself, so long as she had what she wanted.

But now, as he looked, a change came. The sunlight died out of her face, her cheeks and lips grew colorless, and before he could realize what had happened Nelly lay white and still upon the carpet.

Bob was perplexed. He had seen her look grave before especially when he didn't select the right letters out of the box, but he had never seen her like this. Was she angry with him? What had he done? With beating heart he approached the motionless figure of his beloved Nelly, and timidly impressed a caress upon her smooth brow.

Still she did not move, did not even look at him. Was she angry even yet? A low moan of despair broke from his lips as he gazed helplessly at the prostrate form. Then all of a sudden a bright idea struck him. In the corner of the room lay the box of hateful ivory letters. Quick as thought he was beside it, and had pushed open the lid. Then with a mighty effort he concentrated all his mind upon his task, and, careful to make no mistake, selected an "H" from the row, and placed it upon the carpet just by Nelly. After that he returned to the box and searched for an "A," which he put next to the "H." Then he deposited an "R," then another "R," and having got so far he paused.

What was the next letter? It would spoil all if he were wrong over this.

Trembling with excitement he once more crossed the room, after a somewhat lengthy deliberation took out a "Y" and placed it beside the last "R." His task was finished. How had it succeeded?

He looked eagerly for a smile of approval from his darling Nelly.

She was still and cold as before. A great wave of disappointment rushed over him. But he would not give way to despair even now. He was about to have recourse once more to the box of letters when, to his joy and relief, Nelly's eyes opened and rested wonderingly upon the form of her faithful Bob and then on the row of letters at his feet.

As she began to realize what had happened, a sweet, sad smile broke over her features, and she stretched out her arms and clasped them lovingly around him. In another moment she was weeping hysterically upon his neck.

After that there followed a week of the keenest anxiety for Bob.

Nelly went about looking spiritless and ill, and Bob's tender heart bled for her.

Then came another thin letter. Bob trembled with anxiety as he watched Nelly take it from the servant. The last to arrive had not somehow been quite so successful as its predecessors.

The writing on the envelope of this one was weak and undecided—very different from that in which it was usually addressed.

With nervous fingers Nelly broke the seal and devoured the contents, which (another unusual occurrence) were of the briefest description. However, brief though they were, they seemed satisfactory, for Nelly uttered a little sigh of relief, and the thin sheet went up very close to her rosy lips.

From that day she was almost her old self again, and Bob rejoiced to see that it was so.

Almost, but not quite, until one afternoon, on entering the drawing-room, Bob found Nelly in earnest conversation with a tall, bronzed stranger.

The two were so engrossed as not to notice his entrance, and for a moment a jealous pang shot through Bob.

But his torture was of but short duration, for, looking down, Nelly saw the massive form of her favorite.

She stooped and caressed him, just as tenderly as of old, then, lifting her bright eyes to the tall stranger, she said:

"Harry this is Bob, the most faithful of friends! I want you to love him as he will learn to love you."

And the tall stranger smiled and murmured something about a proverb, as he greeted Bob with the utmost friendliness. And Bob, though he felt a little sore at Nelly's evident partiality for her new acquaintance, choked his resentment and returned the salute in his politest fashion.

And before long he came to look upon the stranger really as a friend, and even forgave him for taking up so much of Nelly's time.

As for Nelly, her love for and pride in Bob was every bit as strong as it used to be, and indeed she had reason to be proud of him, for, after a short absence from home, spent at a certain palace not a hundred miles from London, Bob, had returned to the bosom of his family the distinguished possessor of a "first prize," the judges having unanimously declared that he was the most perfect bull-dog in the show.

SUCCESS.

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon.

When Shakespeare put these words into the mouth of Hotspur he gave expression to the unspoken feeling of thousands who, in the heat and ardor of youth, leap lightly, in imagination, the distance which separates them from Fame; and regard no feat as impossible, no undertaking too difficult for their untried powers.

No; it is only the middle-aged Falstaffs who sit down and count the cost, and who reason with themselves that while honor and glory may in all probability cost them an arm or a leg, or even life itself, it is powerless to mend the aforesaid damaged members, or to restore life to a dead body.

It is the impetuosity of youth that makes the world go round, and the prudence of age that preserves its balance. Youth dashes into the waves of life, as Leander sprang into the Hellespont, thinking not of the danger but of the joy on the other side; or like the young Viking spurs his horse through the magic ring of fire which surrounds Brynhild's alluring beauty, forgetting that Sigurd, the successful one, rode the horse Grani, and carried the sword Gram, which he had only won after long and desperate struggles. Age, on the other hand, looks along the road to Fame with

Eyes wide open to all ill.

Made wise by experience and many failures, he knows that nothing that is worth having can be lightly won, and that he must first slay Hydra, the seven-headed serpent, if he would carry off the golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides.

Success is the very salt of life, and the pure it of it is necessary to the advancement of all social and intellectual improvements. It is the El Dorado of all who launch their ships on the sea of life; the hope of its attainment raises man from the level of the lower animals, and the possession of it places him, for a season, on a pedestal little lower than that occupied by the gods.

What constitutes success is of course a matter of opinion. The success of the poet seems but a poor thing to the ambitious explorer or the practical man of business. The conquests so dear to the heart of the soldier are regarded but as acts of butchery by the sage, whose mind is fixed on the elixir of life. The feats of an athlete who reaches the goal half fainting, with wild eyes and strained muscles, seem but the antics of a fool to the man whose tastes lie in an opposite direction.

Gain, praise, and sympathy are the three principal elements of success, and without the two latter the first is comparatively valueless. Hotspur would not have cared to "pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon" if there had been no one there to see him take the leap and call him a fine fellow. The athlete would not have submitted to weeks, nay years, of severe training, for the mere possession of a silver cup or a plated inkstand, if he had not been sure that some one would add the words of praise and admiration for which his soul longed.

Success wears a different face to each of her followers and each follows the one he finds most attractive. The street arab, who with tattered cap or jacket, pursues the tiny brown mother stray white butterfly through the dusty streets, is as eager for success, as intent upon achieving his object, as Columbus was to discover America—and far more excited.

Success is strangely like the street Arab's butterfly, she flits on and on, just beyond our reach, and when at last we grasp her, we are spent and weary and find that our coveted treasure, like the captured butterfly, has had much of the dust brushed from its wings. And yet we enjoyed the chase while it lasted; each time our prize eluded us we were but more determined not to be beaten. It is indeed the "rapture of pursuing" that makes success appear so desirable. Once more we are tempted to open our hand and let her go, so that we may have the pleasure of chasing her again.

The unattainable is what mortals are always longing for; possession robs the object of one of its greatest charms, and satisfies us only for a brief moment.

The ambitious man or woman enjoys the most exquisite pleasure, and endures the keenest pain that it is possible for human being to experience, for the bitterness of failure is needed to give value to the sweetness of success, as the old Roman epicures sharpened their appetites for the feast with preliminary dishes of a somewhat tart nature. Some of us may never catch our butterfly, but the chase will do us no harm, and then there is always the chance that the next step will be one of triumph.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

A SCOTCHMAN one evening, recently, sat looking at some mice. An idea struck him. He decided to set the little thieves at spinning yarn, and it was probably a very astonishing pair of mice that found themselves, a few days later, working a small thread-mill in a cage like those in which rats and other small animals are kept, but without the slightest idea of paying their board in this way. An ordinary mouse can twist over a hundred threads on reels every day, although to do this he has to run ten and a half miles.

IT is said, by the New York Mail and Express, that the wealth of the Russian Church is almost incalculable; it could pay the Russian National debt (some $3,500,000,000), and would then be enormously wealthy.

A celebrated feast given by Vitellius a Roman Emperor of these degenerate days, to his brother Lucius cost a little over $2,000,000. Suetonius says that this banquet consisted of 2000 different dishes of fish and 7000 different fowls, besides other courses in proportion.

PERSONAL.

ONLY two medals have ever been granted to women by the Royal Geographical Society of England—one to Lady Franklin, in memory of her husband's discoveries, the other to Mrs. Mary Somerville. The society has decided to admit women as members.

QUEEN LILIUOKALANI of the Sandwich islands is an earnest patron of temperance reform. She pays the license fee for a coffee house opened in her capital city by the Women's Temperance Union, and has banished wines and spirituous liquors from her table and receptions.

MME. ALPHONSE DAUDET is a writer of talent and has frequently assisted her husband in his work. When Daudet fell dangerously ill as he was writing "Les Rois en Exil," he commissioned his wife in case of his death to finish the book. Her style is refined, artistic, and characterized by most delicate precision and charm, and her books are faithful interpreters of Parisian home life, with most charming chapters on childhood.

MISS MARY ALLEN WEST, for years editor of the *Union Signal*, has been chosen superintendent of the World's W. C. T. U. school of methods, and is going to the Sandwich Islands and Japan, by special commission of the World's W. C. T. U., to teach and train workers by means of her schools, held a few days in a place.

MME. NORDICA is studying the part of Elizabeth in "Tannhauser," being the first American who has ever sung at Bayreuth, the *sanctum sanctorum* of Wagner worshippers. Frau Cosima Wagner asked her to take the part, and the request was in itself a compliment.

MME. PATTI has a fan on which are the autographs of all the sovereigns of Europe.

THE original model of St. Peter's at Rome has been offered for exhibition in the Department of Fine Arts at the World's Fair, by M. Spiridon, a wealthy Frenchman.

MISS ADA A. BREWSTER, the California artist, belongs to the line of Brewsters who proudly claim kinship with Elder Brewster of Mayflower fame. Miss Brewster has come to New York to pursue her literary work.

CARMEN SYLVA's interest in the culture of her sex has had a considerable influence in Roumania. At a recent matriculation examination at the University of Bucharest, twenty-seven female students proved successful as compared with 255 females; at Jassy the numbers who presented themselves were eighty-two males and only twenty-six females; and it is ample proof of the general ability of the female students that only one of their number failed to satisfy the examiners, whereas out of the eighty-two males twenty-eight were rejected.

THE first woman to obtain a first class in the Honor School of Literæ Humaniores at Oxford since the examination was opened to women, four years ago, is Miss E. Penrose, a student of Somerville Hall.

"OCTAVE THANET" (Miss Alice French) has lately published a series of articles on cookery, written in the attractive style which characterizes her work. The current belief that a literary woman cares not for the things of her household is thus disproved. "Octave Thanet," it may be remembered, made her mark in literature by the story of "Expiation."

THE PATAGONIANS.

When barbarous lands are discovered, they are named without consulting the wishes of the inhabitants. As an illustration, the land we call Patagonia is not known by that name to the natives. Their true name is Tsoneeca, and by it all the tribes call themselves.

The word Pata-gones, meaning "duck footed men," refers to their peculiar footgear. The lower limbs are encased in boots without soles, or rather long gaiters, made of guanaco-skins, with the beautiful yellowish fur turned outward. The leg is covered all around from below the knee, the fur passing over the top of the foot around the heel, leaving the toes sticking out.

This trifling circumstance obtained the appellation by which a vast territory and all the people who inhabit it are known to the civilized world. The flaps or "uppers" of the gaiters, extending loosely across the top of their feet, exaggerated in breadth by the long hair on the edges, give the wearers the appearance of having paws.

When Magellan's men first saw these Indians, they were unable to account for the peculiar appearance of their feet and the bright yellow fur upon their legs, and called them "duck-footed."

TEN PRECEPTS.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never spend your money before you have it.

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.

Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.

We never repent for having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

How much pain the evils that never happened have cost us.

Take things always by the smooth handle.

When angry, count 10 before you speak; if very angry, 100.

Light Coins.

Electricity is useful to good and bad alike. A large consignment in gold eagles was sent to a New York bank from California, which on examination was found to contain twenty light-weight coins; bearing the date of 1891. These were apparently new and bright, but they were rejected on being passed into the electric light coin detector. On being examined with a lens their surfaces were found to be covered with infinitesimal pores. About one dollar's worth of gold had been extracted from each eagle by electrolysis, which is a process now in high favor among coin "sweaters." In the coin detector the coins are pushed in succession from the balance pan on to a knife edge, and according as this knife edge is at the right hand limit of its range or the left hand limit the coin when pushed on it, tilts off to the "light" channel or the "full weight" channel, as the case may be. The right or left position of this shifting knife edge is determined by an electric contact made by the balance beam, and thus an electro magnet is brought into action. The coins run through the machine at the rate of sixty per minute by the turning of a handle.

CARRYING A MORTGAGE.

Bilkins—Jimson must have built that fine house of his under a mortgage didn't he?

Wilkins—*Yes.* How did you know?

Bilkins—I notice his shoulders are beginning to look like a Mansard roof.

Thirty-four pounds of raw sugar makes twenty-one pounds refined.

THE SPIDER AND THE WASP.

I have no great sympathy with wasps—they've done me so many bad turns in my time that I don't pretend to regard them as deserving of exceptional pity—but I must say Eliza's way of going at them was unduly barbaric. She treated them for all the world as if they were entirely devoid of a nervous system. She went at them with a sort of angry, half-contemptuous dash, kept cautiously out of the way of the protruded sting, began in a most business-like fashion at the head, and, rolling the wasp round and round with her legs and feelers, swathed him rapidly and effectually, with incredible speed, in a dense network of web poured forth from her spinnerets. In less than half a minute the astonished wasp, accustomed rather to act on the offensive than the defensive, found himself helplessly inclosed in a perfect coil of tangled silk, which confined him from head to sting without the possibility of movement in any direction.

The whole time this had been going on, the victim, struggling and writhing, had been pushing out its sting and doing the very best it knew to deal the wily Eliza a poisoned death blow. But Eliza, taught by ancestral experience, kept carefully out of the way; and the wasp felt itself finally twirled round and round in those powerful hands, and tied about as to its wings by a thousand-fold cable. Sometimes, after the wasp was secured, Eliza even took the trouble to saw off the wings so as to prevent further struggling and consequent damage to the precious web; but more often she merely proceeded to eat it alive without further formality, still avoiding its sting as long as the creature had a kick left in it, but otherwise entirely ignoring its character as a sentient being in the most inhuman fashion. And all the time, till the last drop of his blood was sucked out, the wasp would continue viciously to stick out his deadly sting, which the spider would still avoid with hereditary cunning.

It was a horrid sight—a duel *a outrance* between two equally hateful and poisonous opponents; a living commentary on the appalling but o'er-true words of the poet, that "Nature is one with rapine, a harm no preacher can heal." Though these were the occasions when one sometimes felt as if the cup of Eliza's iniquities was really full and one must pass sentence at last, without respite or reprieve, upon that life-long murderess.—*Grant Allen, in Longman's Magazine.*

Why not *save your clothes*, by using the best, purest, *most economical* soap. Dobbins' Electric. Made ever since 1869. Try it once you will use it *always*. Your grocer keeps it or will get it. Look for the name, *Dobbins.*

Art is an old language, with a great many artificial affected styles, and sometimes the chief pleasure one gets out of knowing them is the mere sense of knowing.

Just What is Wanted.

Business is alive to a great coming event, and in the hurly-burly of its preparations for the Columbian Exposition in 1893, too much is already seen on the streets of a fanciful or amusing nature, both superficial and catch-penny. There has been observed a void in the line of the strictly useful, combining therewith instructive objects of use and the beautiful in art. Books there may be by the score, but the experience of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia shows that the mass of these were trifles and unserviceable. The horde of visitors were ever at loss for a handy pocket guide of official stamp, not only reliable, but pleasing and always fit to keep. Just what is wanted of this unique kind has happily already made its appearance, and we have before us "THE OFFICIAL PORTFOLIO OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION," illustrated from Water Color Drawings.

This Portfolio is a rare and beautiful exponent of the main architectural features of the Great Exposition at Chicago in 1893. The fourteen magnificent structures are faithfully exhibited, while the Bird's-eye View gives a realistic glance at the lay of the grounds, with their principal buildings, lagoons, etc. The illustrations are exact reproductions, in water color effects, of the original drawings, made especially for this purpose from the official plans, by America's best known water color artist, Charles Graham. The pictures therefore are not only official, but they are genuine works of art, and competent critics pronounce them to be equal to the finest productions of a similar kind of the famous art centres of Europe.

It is simply wonderful how such perfection in art, accompanied by full descriptive matter, can be served to the Great Public in so cheap and handy a form. But, a copy of this exceptionally fine production will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in postage stamps by The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore, Md.

There is no royal road to anything. Excellence is a flower that blows on the hill-crowns and he who would wear it must plod. You can't ride to the stars on a toboggan.

A HEAVY SENTENCE.

So many walls need pretty coverings that
The Fidelity Wall Paper Co.,
of 12 N. 11th st., Phila., have sentenced to be hung this fall, some 50,000 pieces of Wall Paper. Send four two cent stamps for samples of embossed papers for 10 and 12 cents.

San Francisco boasts of having a hotel which is practically earthquake proof. It is questionable if the men who imbibe too much of its whisky are constructed on the same principle.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

There is no color line over in Germany, apparently. A colored man who went over there from Boston and got naturalized some time ago is now on the roll of pensioners of the state insurance for the aged.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Phila'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

In 1635 John Blackstone sold the site of the city of Boston for $150

"German Syrup"

William McKeekan, Druggist at Bloomingdale, Mich. "I have had the Asthma badly ever since I came out of the army and though I have been in the drug business for fifteen years, and have tried nearly everything on the market, nothing has given me the slightest relief until a few months ago, when I used Boschee's German Syrup. I am now glad to acknowledge the great good it has done me. I am greatly relieved during the day and at night go to sleep without the least trouble."

Wonderful

Jacob A. Kunkel, a reliable farmer of Mt. Royal, York Co., Pa., says that a running sore broke out on the leg of his nephew, Milton A. Kunkel, when he was 5 years old. He could not walk. Two years ago they began giving him HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA and in a short time the sore healed up, he regained perfect health, and he is now, at 13 years, lively and rugged. Mr. Kunkel says: "We all consider his cure little short of a miracle."

Milton A. Kunkel

HOOD'S PILLS cure Habitual Constipation by restoring action of the alimentary canal.

JOHNSON'S
Anodyne Liniment.
UNLIKE ANY OTHER
ORIGINATED IN 1810.
THINK OF IT! ALMOST A CENTURY.
Every traveler, Every family should keep it at hand, for the common ills of life liable to occur to any one. It is Soothing, Healing and Penetrating. Once used always wanted. Sold everywhere. Price 25c., 50c., $1. Full directions free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Brushes, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

The hypophosphites of lime and soda combined with cod-liver oil in Scott's Emulsion improve the appetite, promote digestion, and increase the weight.

They are thought by some to be food; but this is not proved. They are tonics; this is admitted by all.

Cod-liver oil is mainly a food, but also a tonic.

In Scott's Emulsion the cod-liver oil and hypophosphites are so combined as to get the full advantage of both.

Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING; free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York. 35

LEWIS' 98 % LYE
Powdered and Perfumed
(PATENTED)
The *strongest* and *purest* Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the *best* perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes *without boiling*. It is the best for cleansing waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, pails, cuspidors, etc.
PENNA. SALT MF'G CO.
Gen. Agts., Phila., Pa.
40 804

FASILY TRACKED.

She (reading)—Joe, this paper says that out in Oregon they have just discovered footprints three feet long, supposed to belong to a lost race.

He—I don't see how a race of people that made footprints three feet long could ever get lost.

BOTH FOUND IT SO.

"Woman is a creature of moods," sat young Kissam, as he toyed with a note he had just received from his best girl.

"You are right," replied Peck; "and after you are married you'll find that it is usually the imperative mood."

Why Mothers Delight In It.

Because it is the only remedy known that will cure a severe case of Croup in half an hour. *It does not cause vomiting*, nor does it stupify the child, as do other cough cures, compounds, &c. Oh, yes! Dr. Bonsee's Certain Croup Cure is a blessing to every household. Sold by prominent druggists. 50c. Address A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mummies taken from the Egyptian tomb, beaten into a fine powder and mixed with oil for paint is one of the latest industries at Cairo. The color of this human dust paint is a rich brown of lively tone.

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer Axle Grease received medals at the Centennial, North Carolina State Fair, Paris Exposition, American Institute, New York, and others.

The greatest achievement possible to man is the building of a character that will stand the test of an omniscient searching.

E. B. WALTHALL & CO., Druggists, Horse Cave, Ky., say: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every one that takes it." Sold by druggists, 75c.

Fat horses and cows usually betoken big hearted owners, but not always. Yet none but a mean man will starve his stock poor.

"Life is a battle field on which we fight for fame." To preserve health in this fight use Beechams Pills, 25 cents a box.

If you think you are right take a balky horse and try to lead him off without lying. I know no better test for a man's righteousness than this.

"Tired all the Time"—Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses just those elements of strength which you so earnestly crave, it will build you up, give you an appetite, strengthen your stomach and nerves. Try it.

Hood's Pills invigorate the liver.

If you can make some unfortunate one happy without getting happy over it yourself, I should like you to send me your address, for you are a phenomenon.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

ABOUT NOTHING.

Mamma—"What in the world are you two quarreling about.

Little Die—"Nothing."

"Nothing, eh?"

"Yes'm. Dot let her box of candy here, and when she came back there was nothing in it.

A LONG-FELT WANT.

Sappy—By dropping a nickel in a new machine a cigawette will come out, doncher know.

Miss Fypp—What I want to see is a machine that you can drop a nickel into and a cigarette will go out.

WELL EQUIPPED.

Ethel—My vocal instructor says a voice like mine is worth five hundred a year in any church choir.

Maud—I don't doubt it; besides you've got a genuine soprano temper to go with it.

The Servians have a curious custom of giving a parting kiss to their deceased friends, before final burial, and the observance of it has caused a serious epidemic of diphtheria. The custom has now been forbidden.

Egyptian Hospitality.

The Egyptian of to-day may easily be surpassed in honesty, courage, and the manlier virtues; yet in hospitality and politeness he stands pre-eminent. No Egyptian sits down to a meal without asking all passers by to partake of it; during his thirty days' fast every year, his doors are open to all, no introduction is needed; to the poor he gives ungrudgingly.

Though allowed to have four wives the Effendi is almost always a monogamist. Marrying early, he is, as a rule, a good husband and father, and fond of and kind to his children. To show the direction in which the ideas of marriage are setting, we may say that one of the first teachers in Mohammedan law in Egypt some time ago laid down this maxim, that the Prophet has allowed four wives to any man who would engage to love all four alike, but as he had never met any one capable of doing so, he would recommend one wife as the interpretation of the Prophet's words. Indeed, the relations of the wife so resent a man's marrying again, that it is hardly ever done.

In abstinence from drinking to excess the whole Egyptian nation stands a head and shoulders above us. The hospitality of the sheikhs or village headmen is boundless, and takes the shape of feasts at which Athelstane might have presided and Cedric been entertained, and both found themselves at home.

We have seen men sit down to a banquet of twenty-one heavy courses, where a huge turkey was the seventeenth course; and the first course alone consisted of a whole sheep, inside which was a goose, inside that a chicken, then a pigeon, and finally an egg, which last was presented to the principal guest, as containing the essence of all.

The weakest point of the Egyptian's armor is his lack of courage, and very feeble idea of what fair play means. An Egyptian Effendi, or man of the upper classes, told me with great satisfaction of a duel one of his countrymen had with an Italian, in which the Egyptian chose clubs as the weapon to fight with, and then disabled the right hand of the Italian by a sudden blow before the duel had properly begun. He actually could see nothing to blame in his countryman, but rather commended his promptness in action.

A CLEAR CASE.

Superintendent of Lunatic Asylum—That, ladies, is a summer hotel clerk recently thrown out of employment.

The Ladies—Why was he brought here?

Superintendent—He got to thinking he was no better than the guests of the hotel.

Farmer—What are you doing up that tree?

Boy—Waiting for the owner of it.

"Well, I'm the owner. What do you want?"

"I want to know if paregoric goes with these stomachache apples.

"No," said Fogg, when his physician told him that his blood was in an impoverished condition and needed to be started up; "No, doctor, I cannot permit it, it would be wrong for us to stir up bad blood."

Jack—How is it you keep in such good spirits all the time?

Harry—I think how miserable I should be if I had the toothache.

Jack—What do you do when you have the toothache?

Harry—Think how happy I should be if I hadn't.

SLIGHT SETBACK.

He (trying to make an impression)—Do you know I think that your father is an awfully jolly old fellow?

She—Yes, to every one he knows I wouldn't marry.

SHE TOOK SOME.

Young lady (in candy store)—I don't like this candy. It has begun to melt already.

Confectioner—No wonder, young lady, with those liquid eyes of yours over it!

Six pounds, please."

SHE KNEW BETTER.

"Did you ever refuse a proposal, Miss Mature?" asked Miss Gusher.

"Do I look like a woman who would fly in the face of Providence?"

There was no more said.

Foundation for a Factory City.

"Four railroads, one a belt line, and two full pipe lines are sure to make a big city here," said Jay A. Dwiggins & Co., of Chicago, when they founded Griffith. They were right. Four factories located at once, new houses and stores are going up daily.—Chicago News.

HE DIDN'T CATCH ANYTHING.

Employer—You took a day off to go fishing yesterday.

Employe—Yes, sir.

Employer—Catch anything?

Employe—Nothing, sir.

Employer (making a powerful effort to appear calm)—Come up to my house this evening. I want to have a talk with you about taking you into partnership.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

HUMOROUS.

OPPORTUNITY FOR A CAREER.

"Huh," sneered Willie. "Your're nothin' but a girl. You can't never be a president."

"No, but I can be the President's wife," retorted Sukey, proudly, "and tell people how to make apple dumplings."

WHAT WORRIED HER.

"Mabel, this question of marriage is a serious one that I hope you have considered well."

Mabel—Oh, dear, yes, auntie, I have worried myself sick already about my trousseau.

IF YOU HIT THEM.

Housekeeper—Has any way been discovered to kill the pests that destroy carpets?

Great Scientist—Yes, madam. Take up the carpets, hang them on a line and beat them with a heavy stick.

"Will that kill the insects?"

"Yes, madam, if you hit them."

A Chinaman rides a wheel in San Francisco.

Cost and Cure.

For 10 Years.

POTTSTOWN, PA.

I was a sufferer from neuralgia for ten years; tried all kinds of remedies without relief, and had given up all hope. I tried a bottle of

ST. JACOBS OIL,

and it effected such wonderful relief that I recommend it to all.

CHAS. LAW, JR.

One 1 Bottle.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

A remedy which, if used by Wives about to experience the painful ordeal attendant upon Child-birth, proves an infallible specific for, and obviates the tortures of confinement, lessening the dangers thereof to both mother and child. Sold by all druggists. Sent by express on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle, charges prepaid.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT

THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

Dissolves Gravel,

Gall stone, brick dust in urine, pains in urethra, straining after urination, pain in back and hips, sudden stoppage of water with pressure

Bright's Disease,

Tube casts in urine, scanty urine. Swamp-Root cures urinary troubles and kidney difficulties.

Liver Complaint,

Torpid or enlarged liver, foul breath, biliousness, bilious headache, poor digestion gout.

Catarrh of the Bladder,

Inflammation, irritation, ulceration, dribbling, frequent calls, pass blood, mucus or pus.

Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund you the price paid.

At Druggists, 50c. Size, $1.00 Size.

Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free

DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMPTON, N. Y.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER

The Best Waterproof Coat in the WORLD!

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is not on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

CHOLERA

Its Origin and History;

—ITS—

PREVENTION AND CURE.

An interesting Pamphlet mailed to any address on receipt of Stamp.

Dr. L. H. HARRIS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

GARFIELD TEA Overcomes effects of bad eating; cures Sick Headache; restores Complexion; cures Constipation. Send for Free Sample to 319 West 45th Street, New York City.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

FOR FIFTY YEARS!
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.
Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES Sure relief. Price 25 cts. ASTHMA. By mail, Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

CAUTION.—Beware of dealers substituting shoes without W. L. Douglas name and the price stamped on bottom, such substitutions are fraudulent and subject to prosecution by law for obtaining money under false pretenses.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN,

A genuine sewed shoe that will not rip; fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $4 to $5.

The only $3.00 Shoe made with two complete soles, securely sewed at the outside edge (as shown in cut), which gives double the wear of ordinary well shoes sold at the same price, for such easily rip, having only one sole sewed to a narrow strip of leather on the edge, and when once worn through are worthless.

The two soles of the W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 Shoe when worn through can be repaired as many times as necessary, as they will never rip or break from the upper.

Purchasers of footwear desiring to economize, should consider the superior qualities of these shoes, and not be influenced to buy cheap well shoes sold at $3.00 having only a pretendence to compare with them. W. L. DOUGLAS Men's $4 and $3 Fine Calf, Hand Sewed, $3.50 Welted and Farmers $2.50 Fine Calf, $2.25 and $2.00 Workingmen's Boys' $2.00 and Youths' $1.75 School Shoes; Ladies' $3.00 Hand Sewed, $2.50, $2.00 and Misses' $1.75 Best Dongola, are of the same high standard of merit.

THIS IS THE BEST $3. SHOE IN THE WORLD.

WILL